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- N R 4. **Cicero** (orations for the Manilian Law and for Archias) and **Sight Translation of Prose**. The examination will presuppose the reading of the required amount of prose.
- N R 5. **Vergil** (*Aeneid*, I, II, and either IV or VI, at the option of the candidate) and **Sight Translation of Poetry**. The examination will presuppose the reading of the required amount of poetry.
- N R 6. **Advanced Prose Composition**.

THE CLASSICS AND THE COUNTRY BOY OR GIRL

The Classics suffer many things at the hands of the gentleman who 'addresses the school'. They are recognized as a sort of intellectual punching bag upon which he may deliver any sort of oratorical blow without risk of a return in kind, and he seldom fails to embrace the opportunity for such exercise.

Last year, within a period of a few weeks, I heard the President of a great university blithely assure a country high school that "Greek is gone and Latin is going", and the Dean of a neighboring agricultural college (one wonders, in passing, what the gentleman's title would be, stripped of its Latin) announce to the same school, with emphatic fist in palm, "I wish more boys were studying live trees, and less studying dead languages". He was delivering an Arbor Day address on Forestry—but the youngsters who listened will remember that epigram long after they have forgotten to fence the woodlot. How much of the applause elicited was due to a certainty that dead languages are hard, and the chance, at least, that live trees might be easy, I will not discuss now.

What I do wish to say to begin with is that I heartily agree with the first part of the Dean's portable sentence. Forest conservation has been a matter of vital interest to me for a quarter of a century. I have talked for it, written for it and fought for it, with fire in my heart and tears in my eyes, and shall continue so to do whenever I come in contact with its enemies, frank or disguised. But where I cannot agree with him is in his obvious implication that there is something incompatible in the study of live trees and that of "dead" languages, that the two are mutually exclusive, and that in order to have more boys studying the one you must have fewer boys studying the other. Now I should like to see more boys—and girls—studying both, and thereby furthering the health and sanity of our country. I could cite facts to show that the two subjects are not incompatible, but inasmuch as the opposite implication has been made by pure assumption and unsupported by evidence, I am perhaps justified in leaving my own assertion largely on the same basis. Specific instances are bulky matter, and I will only suggest that, as far as the feminine por-

tion of the Dean's audience was concerned, it might not have been difficult to show that the person who knew most about live trees also knew most about "dead" languages.

I might also take issue with his use of the phrase "dead languages". That phrase, ordinarily, has lost the edge of its metaphor, and simply means 'Latin and Greek', with perhaps Hebrew and Sanscrit or Anglo-Saxon if anyone stops to think about it. But when it is acutely contrasted with "*live* trees", the adjective regains its pristine vigor, and summarily consigns its noun to the silent tomb, leaves it as dead as a door nail. Now, as a matter of fact, Greek and Latin are not dead. To be sure, no one speaks them today just as Demosthenes and Cicero did, but the fact of being spoken or not is no fair test of the vitality of a language. The Hottentot 'click' is doubtless being spoken somewhere at this identical moment, but it isn't nearly so live a language as Latin. Latin and Greek are no more dead than are the roots of the trees. The roots are not conspicuous above ground, but the trees would fare rather badly without them. I am not sure that the branches realize their indebtedness to the roots, but it is there, nevertheless. And nothing is more certain than that you and I and the Dean and the young people who listened to him think and act and speak quite differently than we should think and act and speak if Latin and Greek were really dead. It is the fashion just now to talk of 'living in the future' as if that were a fine thing to do; and so it is if we do not forget that the present is what it is and the future will be what it will be by virtue of the past, and that the only way to understand the future is to understand the past. We need not be so eager to repudiate our share in 'the grist of the slow-ground ages'. We cannot escape that share altogether, in any case, but we can mar and depreciate it if we allow ourselves to think slightly of our birthright.

At this point someone may take me to task on the ground that I am confusing literature and life, and that we can appreciate and profit by our inheritance from Greece and Rome without studying their languages. If in reply to such criticism I should affirm a belief that literature and life cannot be confused because they are the same thing to begin with, I have William Dean Howells at my back in so many words, and George Edward Woodberry in his *New Defence of Poetry* not much farther off. Says Mr. Woodberry: "Life is the matter of literature; and thence it is that all leading inquiries to which literature gives rise probe for their premises to the roots of our being, and expand in their issues to the unknown limits of human fate".

Doubtless it is possible to know something and feel something of ancient civilization without any first hand knowledge of its tongues. But that some-

thing is necessarily limited in extent, lacking in vital quality and slow and uncertain in acquisition. Infinitely more swift, intimate and complete a contact with any people and with any civilization can be made through the language than in any other way. The more complete the mastery of the language the more complete the contact, but the vital quality of it begins almost at the beginning of the language study. Even the schoolboy who has stumbled painfully through his second year Latin finds "the day he overcame the Nervii" brimming with something precious that pays him richly for hours spent among verbal *saepes* worse than any Caesar encountered, something, too, that the reader of Shakespeare who is innocent of Latin can never find in the Master's pages. Nor does this vital quality die out with the passing of a slight and transient facility in the language. Years after graduation, when every year has buried more deeply the little stock of undergraduate Latin lore, the casual mention by a returned traveler of that 'long, gray tongue of land' reaching out into Lake Garda can still thrill the heart and kindle the eyes of one who has read, however haltingly, the actual words of that 'tenderest of Roman poets' who so loved his 'almost-island', his 'venusta Sirmio'.

The more remote and foreign the civilization studied, the greater its differences from our own, so much the more essential to any real understanding of it is an understanding of its language. Histories and expositions written in English may give the school boy some comprehension of Germany or France, even lacking the illumination of the speech of the land, but to find his way back through the centuries and stand with any clearness of vision on the Capitoline or the Acropolis he must needs lay hold on the one certain clue, the Latin language and the Greek.

I say the school boy, because it is of him—and of the school girl—that I am thinking when I feel my resentment rise against the persistent effort of ignorance and interest and misguided benevolence to shut them out from their birthright, to abolish their Greek and minimize their Latin and shunt them by any sort of inducement or compulsion into 'electives' other than classical. More particularly still, I think of the boy and the girl of the country schools. It may be only because I know them so well and believe in them so thoroughly that this birthright of the Classics seems to me peculiarly *their* birthright. But so it does seem to me.

They are, at once, peculiarly in need of it and peculiarly able to absorb it. There is much advantage, no doubt, in a background of culture, but there is advantage, too, in freshness of contact and in a vigorous sense of realities. Ask anyone who has taught preparatory Classics to real country bred pupils, and I'll guarantee you'll strike out a flash of enthusiasm for them. 'Good stuff to work with' is

the verdict of those who know, of those who have seen them come in as I have seen them, morning after morning, from the outlying farms. Riding in with the 'milk team', pedaling a second-hand bicycle over rock-ribbed hills, crowding a neighborhood load behind some horse spared from farm service, brought and come for by some hard-worked father who can barely endorse his own milk checks but is bound his little girls shall have their schooling, or tramping on their own sturdy feet through the mud and dust of spring and fall or the snows and slush of winter, the children of the North Country converge upon the school. Rugged little Irish and French Canadian lads, hard as nails and keen as fire, uncouth, heavy-shouldered fellows from the back farms, little girls with the spirit of New England grandmothers in their wildflower faces—often as I saw them I never missed the thrill of the sight. And just such a thrill, I make no doubt, from sources similar if not the same, reaches other teachers in other schools, the country over.

I have said that these young people are peculiarly in need of the Classics and peculiarly able to absorb them. The first of these propositions is likely to be disputed by the 'progressive educators', who, in the ostensible interests of just such pupils, have reduced the Classics in the public schools and substituted alleged 'practical' courses. The second proposition is more apt to meet with incredulity on the part of those who have themselves studied the Classics against a background of culture and are therefore better able to appreciate the advantages of that mode of approach than to estimate those of its opposite.

My own faith in the value of the latter is largely the fruit of experience, my own and that of other teachers with whom I have discussed the matter; yet I am not entirely destitute of a theory to account for the facts.

In the first place, the Classics share with other subjects the advantages derived from the fact that for these students the school is not a tolerated interruption among pleasanter and more absorbing ways of spending time, but is in itself the pleasant and absorbing, the desired thing, the center of all their social and intellectual life. But more than that, the instinct for reality and the freshness of contact to which I have alluded make powerfully for appreciation of the Classics. For why *are* the Classics classic if not just from their abiding reality? That, I take it, is what 'the universal and inevitable' amounts to—eternal reality.

I do not mean merely that my earth-born boys and girls understand, by reason of their own experiences, specific passages which they read. It is true that the lad and lass whose engineering operations in the cold, swirling waters of the pasture brook illuminate for them the building of Caesar's bridge may find the details of that structure fraught with

friendly interest. It is true that both Caesar and such readers of him share what Emerson calls 'the costly charm of all the old literatures, that the persons speak simply, speak as persons having great good sense without knowing it', and that this common simplicity of speech may help the one to feel all the dramatic movement close-packed in the terse sentences of the other. It is true that one who has watched the felling of some huge yellow birch, lifting a skyful of glimmering leaves at arm's stretch of its tremendous trunk, may read

et tremefacta comam concusso vertice nutat,
vulneribus donec paulatim evicta supremum
congemuit traxitque iugis avulsa ruinam

to find live trees and dead languages close akin.

But this is not all. Nor is it merely that the patient, plowing of chilled fields, the endless dull repetition of harrowing and dragging, while the harvest is still locked in a handful of seed and the garnering months away, does tend to patience with paradigms of equally slow fruitage. That is true, but there is something more than that. Somewhere, far enough back at the beginnings of things, there is a subjective similarity between the tremendous realities of life on the soil and the tremendous realities of classic literature.

That I am not alone in my recognition of it, those who have read Martha Baker Dunn's Cicero in Maine in *The Atlantic Monthly* for February, 1904, and her Vergil in Maine in the same magazine for December, 1907, can testify.

The second element in my student's aptitude for the Classics, his freshness of contact with them, is likely, I think, to meet quite as much skepticism as the first. Here, again, I base my contention on the experience of those who have taught him, and then try to suggest an idea or two which may account for that experience.

I have used the phrase, 'background of culture'. Now I ask, is it difficult to believe that a figure seen against a background absolutely blank may stand out more distinctly than it would against a background blurred with other figures? Is it not, after all, natural that Dido, adding one more element to an already composite portrait of tragic heroines, should be less potent than Dido, set before wide young eyes, alone and individual, distinct and poignant? In the former case she is interpreted in the light of those heroines; in the latter, she is interpreted in the light of Sister Mary and Cousin Emma and Mis' Brown over-on-the-River-Road. In short, we have here the great literature, 'the universal and inevitable', capable, therefore, of being interpreted directly in terms of life, brought in contact with a consciousness which has no other medium of interpretation at hand save life itself.

It seems fair to assume that in displaying an aptitude for the Classics the children of the country demonstrate in considerable measure a need of

them. At any rate, if we may consider axiomatic the desirability of culture, as, in these pages, we surely may, we can go on from that to inquire how these children are to get culture.

Now, the very arguments which have been advanced against the Classics will, correctly applied, throw their weight on the other side. 'These young people must soon be earning their living, they have no time for the Classics. Few of them will go beyond the high school. It is waste of time to make so small a beginning. Let them get their culture in some quicker way, from other branches, especially English literature, with modern languages if you like'.

Of the many things which might be said in reply to this I shall say but few, and as briefly as I may. In the first place I think there is reason to believe that the Classics, instead of being a long and round-about road to culture, are the most direct and expeditious to be found. Therefore, just *because* these young people have little time to give exclusively to such happy pilgrimage, I would not take from them the chance to choose the proper way. Nay, I would even lead them until their feet were safely set therein.

It is true that in comparison with the whole range of classical literature the share of the high school student is small enough. But what he does get is true metal, a touchstone to carry through all his years, a light to illumine all his paths. Lacking it, he travels always in risk and disadvantage. If he follows the advice of his 'practical' friends and plunges into English and modern languages in the intervals of 'vocational training' and such really useful matters as quadratics and logarithms, he finds himself soon bewildered and at a loss. I do not mean merely that the quickest way to learn French is to learn Latin. The school boy who tries to read the literature of his own tongue with no Classics to help him gets precisely that baffled and clouded perception of it that we experience in attempting to read a page of a foreign language imperfectly understood. Something he gets, something he can tell you about it, but the true splendor and delicacy he never reaches. Even such trivial matter as popular and ephemeral humor may often escape him. No amount of Stories from Homer, no amount of translations could vouchsafe to one the real 'tickle' of Wallace Irwin's 'Teddyssee' unless he had read the *Odyssey* and read it in Greek.

A young English teacher complained recently of the matter prescribed for certain of her classes. She could not interest them in Macaulay's *Lays of Ancient Rome*, and she didn't wonder. The *Lays* were stupid stuff.

"The gods who live forever

Have fought for Rome today;

These be the great Twin Brethren

To whom the Dorians pray.'

Doesn't that give you any nice little shivers when you say it?" asked a friend. But not a shiver would she own to, and it further appeared that she did not know who the great twin brethren were, and had a rather hazy idea about the Dorians. Now, of course she can read mythology and history and learn many things about the Dorians and the twin brethren, but all such learning will not help her to the 'shiver'. That needs, among other things, a recollection of Helen looking with Priam from the walls of Troy (Iliad 3. 236-244) :

δοῶ δ' οὐ δύναμαι ἰδέειν κοσμήτορε λαῶν,
Κάστορά θ' ἱππόδαμον καὶ πύξ' ἀγαθὸν Πολυδεύκεα,
αὐτοκασίγνητῳ, τῷ μοι μὶα γείνατο μήτηρ.

* * * * *

ὥς φάτο, τοὺς δ' ἦδ' ἔκαστε φησὶ ζῶος αἶα
ἐν Λακεδαιμονίᾳ, φίλῃ ἐν πατρίδι γαίῃ.

What is true of English is doubly true of a foreign tongue. Where shall we find a more delectable 'shiver' than Heine's, in the amphitheater at Verona, when, planning to visit Rome, and, dreaming of the city she had been, he thought, 'What if Rome should wake!' But Gibbon and Mommsen and Ferrero and all the tribe of translators cannot grant that shiver as can Caesar's marches and Cicero's speeches and Vergil's 'ocean-roll of rhythm'. For even preparatory Classics can transfigure duller stuff than Macaulay's verse, or bring their votaries, unabashed and at ease, into rarer company than Heine's.

No long and devious and wasteful path to culture is that laid down by the Classics, but direct and efficient and enduring as a Roman road. Therefore, just *because* these sons and daughters of the soil have little time for culture, as such, I would have them free to choose this road; just *because* they are likely to go no farther than the high school I would have them begin with the big, basic things, the things upon which others rest, and from which they are, in such large measure, derived.

But it is not merely as a light upon other literature that the Classics prove their value to these boys and girls. Just as such students apply real life to the interpretation of the Classics, so, in turn, do they apply the Classics to the interpretation of real life.

In Cicero in Maine, Mrs. Dunn tells of 'the uncouth lad' who asked his teacher 'what became of Cicero'. She adds: "When the narrator went on to describe how Cicero, betrayed and deserted, was finally assassinated, the fatal blow struck by the man whom he had formerly defended, the uncouth lad brought his hand down on his knee with a resounding smack, and declared in quivering tones, 'I call it gol-darned mean!'" Years later the same lad, "uncouth no longer", in "a noble address on Christian Citizenship", said: "My own first conscious impulse toward making a good citizen of myself dates back to the time when I was awkwardly but

enthusiastically translating Cicero in the old brick schoolhouse in my native town".

Perhaps few of my own late pupils may ever be called upon to deliver an address on Christian Citizenship, but when I heard such comments as this on the Third Catilinarian: "Gee, but he got 'em with the goods all right!" I thought of Mrs. Dunn's "Say, he's just givin' it to old Cat today"—and was well content.

Professor Gildersleeve has spoken of the joy and profit of even a 'smattering' of a language (see THE CLASSICAL WEEKLY 4. 66), and although he may not have contemplated so slight a smattering as that of the preparatory course, his statements hold good even for that. Indeed, I happen to know that a 'smattering' of precisely four words of Latin can bear out his contention. Years ago a ruddy-cheeked young Irishman, teaching a district school and saving money to 'go to the Normal', was getting up his Vergil and Homer by himself. Therefore, when a very small girl at his boarding place insisted on being entertained with stories, it was stories from the Aeneid and the Iliad that she got. Furthermore, he took the small girl on his knee, and taught her to say *Arma virumque cano*, and what the words meant. The stories melted into all sorts of other stories and were forgotten, but that half line of Vergil stayed, and kept a glamour all its own. In due time the small girl came herself to the Normal School—which was also high school—destined, it seemed, for the 'Advanced English' course. But the spell of Master Vergil had been laid upon her, and once in sight of the Classics she knew her own. Yet the man who put the little clue in her hand was then no more than a high school student, a hard working country lad like the rest of them, with only the beginnings of a 'smattering' himself. He never went to college, but today, substantial, prosperous gentleman that he is, he would hold at no small price, I think, the Latin and Greek that he hammered out on those long winter evenings in the little farmhouse.

Professor Gildersleeve notes, it will be remembered (p. 66), that in the crises of life a person often resorts to some tag of a foreign tongue as a means of expression. Here, again, the preparatory school upholds him, unless my own experience is a singular one.

I found lately a battered old notebook containing a translation of part of the Aeneid made by members of my own long-ago class. On one page, untranslated, but heavily underscored with red ink, stood out the words *Omnis fortuna ferendo est*. I remember the boy who wrote that, and I remember the day we worked that line out together. He was working his way through school under a heavy handicap of another's making. His circumstances demanded a steady, patient endurance, and his tem-

perament was of the fiery sort to which fighting comes easier than waiting, and which, denied the fight and compelled to wait, is prone to morbid gloom. That passage of Vergil was a hard one for us then, and as its meaning gradually emerged I saw the boy's eyes kindle. The line was often on his lips after that, and I think he wrote it in his soul as emphatically as he did in my notebook. Certainly his later years have proved how he has turned his fighting strength to conquer *ferendo* a fate which has been relentless and gruesome enough at times.

"But", objects my skeptic, "there is nothing wonderful in these citations. We all know them, and dozens of others—*facilis est descensus* and *mutabile semper* and all the rest. They are mere commonplaces".

True, but will not every frank and thoughtful person come to agree with Mr. Woodberry's judgment of the commonplace?

"He does ill who is scornful of the trite. To be learned in commonplaces is no mean education. They make up the great body of the people's knowledge. They are the living words upon the lips of men from generation to generation; the matter of the unceasing reiteration of families, schools, pulpits, libraries; the tradition of mankind. Proverb, text, homily—happy the youth whose purse is stored with these broad pieces, current in every country and for every good, like fairy gifts of which the occasion only when it arrives shows the use. It is with truth as with beauty, familiarity endears and makes it more precious. What is common is for that very reason in danger of neglect, and from it often flashes that divine surprise which most enkindles the soul".

It is with such 'broad pieces' that I would store the purses of my country boys and girls—but nowadays there are many obstacles in the way. The children of my old high school classmates, if sent to their parents' alma mater, will find no Greek there now, and but small sympathy for leanings Latinward save in the teacher of that one subject. The progressive educators have been busy with our school and college curriculum for, lo, these many years, and, as they proudly affirm, 'the results show'. They do indeed! And they will show more and more distinctly as time goes on.

For many years, it will be remembered, people in general were extremely skeptical as regards the connection between the cutting off of the forests and the diminishing water supply. People who had never been in the woods, who had never heard the splash and spatter of the drenching dews on a tent roof, as the dawn-wind stirred the treetops, people who had never thrust a hand down into the thick, spongy layer of moss that mantles the forest slopes, scoffed at the idea that two things as widely

separate as a tree on a mountain and a well or mill stream in a valley could have any vital relation. So these people, who were fatally in the majority, refused to lift a finger to save the trees, and the trees were killed, and the fire followed the lumberman, and the cool, wet mantle of moss was baked and parched and peeled from the mountain's shoulders—and the well went dry. And even then the people refused to believe the truth.

Now analogies do not prove, but they may illuminate. There are persons who look upon the study of Latin and Greek as a hindrance and a waste, just as those other persons used to look upon trees as 'giant weeds'. These persons who cannot believe that the presence in the country of a liberal proportion of students of the Classics is a safeguard not lightly to be dispensed with, a source of life more abundant for the nation, reaching far beyond the students themselves or even those with whom they come in direct contact, these persons, I repeat, may one day wonder, just as others wondered at the failing springs, at the failure of elements as essential to mental and spiritual life as water is to the physical, still failing to perceive the causal nexus between the conditions which even they will then deplore and an educational curriculum as completely stripped of the Classics as the mountain side is of trees.

But let us press our analogy a bit further and see if it does not grow more optimistic.

In the matter of the forests people are waking up at last. They are demanding that something be done, and although they may not yet be very clear as to precisely what shall be done or who shall do it, although terrible damage has already been wrought and will yet be wrought before the nascent movement of reform gains strength enough to overtake the forces of destruction, although even the very people who are anxious to save may be ignorantly or maliciously led or may themselves blunder into schemes actually opposed to the very results they wish for—in spite of all this, something *will* be done, and that effectively in the end. It takes a long time to raise up a pine forest, and it takes a long time to raise up a generation of classical scholars, but once the people realize what they need, the process is begun. Of that realization in the matter of the Classics, unprejudiced observers already see indications. I will not undertake a discussion of those indications here. I will simply say that, as it was necessary in the case of the forests first to feel the loss and discomfort and then to trace that loss and discomfort to its true source, so it is with the Classics. That sense of loss, of missing something due, is already becoming evident in many rather unexpected places, and already some of the people concerned are putting the blame where it belongs.

Therefore I believe that before it is too late the

beneficent reaction will take effect, that Latin will stay and that Greek will come back, that the children of the North Country and others in like case shall not be deprived of their birthright. They shall be free to follow the ancient road as far as their schools can open it for them. Those who may go no farther shall have their precious 'smattering', and those—there are such—who should go farther, nay, who *must* go farther or miss their destiny, shall have in hand a faithful clue to follow. And both, in after years, may live as so many have lived before them 'in open loyalty to the studies on which their youth was nourished'.

BARNARD COLLEGE.

GRACE HARRIET GOODALE.

REVIEW

Ritchie's First Steps in Latin. Edited by Frederick C. Staples. Ritchie's Second Steps in Latin. By the same Editor. New York: Longmans, Green and Co. (1909, 1910). Pp. 106, 164.

These revised editions of Mr. Ritchie's two books make two good English text-books available for American schools, and are sure to arouse the interest of many teachers who have become convinced of Mr. Ritchie's pedagogical skill through the well-planned Latin of *Fabulae Faciles* (see THE CLASSICAL WEEKLY 3. 84).

The paradigms, a brief explanation of the new form or new bit of syntax, four or at the most six new Latin words, and thirty or forty good sentences for translation into English and Latin make up each lesson of the First Steps. The forms, especially the verb forms, are introduced rapidly, the syntax very slowly. For about twenty lessons no cases appear save the nominative and the accusative as a direct object. In the thirty-six lessons there are not more than three uses of the ablative, a refreshing contrast to the practice of most American Beginners' Latin Books.

Second Steps in Latin carries the student through his preparation for Caesar and includes the forms of the pronouns, the subjunctive and other verb forms, including the irregular verbs *volo*, *eo*, etc., the important case and mood constructions. The book, however, wisely stops short of conditional clauses and the more difficult temporal constructions. In the Introduction the editor suggests that *Fabulae Faciles* should be used as a reader "as early as the completion of First Steps". If this be the plan, it is unfortunate that the forms and uses of the relative pronouns are deferred until Lesson XXVI of Second Steps, for the relative occurs as early as the eighth page of *Fabulae Faciles*.

In general the books are to be commended for the emphasis put on memory work, and the demand for a thorough knowledge of a few essentials rather than a swift survey of many things. Only one hundred and forty Latin words are included in the first fifty lessons, and they are given so slowly and re-

peated so often in the sentences that they easily become fixed in the student's mind. The two books have a vocabulary of some 600 Latin words.

The books were well named. They expect the student to do the climbing and provide no comfortable modern elevator. They will do little even for a poorly equipped teacher who merely tries to hear a recitation of what the student has been taught by the author of the text-book, but they contain fine material to test the student's knowledge of the principles taught by the skilful teacher, and drill work calculated to fix those principles in his mind. They will obviously be most useful to schools that begin Latin with young pupils.

SUSAN BRALEY FRANKLIN.

ETHICAL CULTURE SCHOOL, NEW YORK CITY.

In the Educational Review for December last Professor John C. Kirtland, of Phillips Exeter Academy, has a paper on The Reconstruction of the Latin Course. There is much in this paper to stimulate thought, and we commend it to all teachers, especially teachers of preparatory schools. Particularly interesting are the suggestions for making use of the freedom which the Commission secured for the Schools, by leaving to them the choice, within certain limits, of the books to be read. His remarks also on the teaching of syntax within the course, especially in the first year, are most helpful. Mr. Kirtland believes firmly in carrying composition through all four years of the course. He has also interesting recommendations concerning editions of the Classics that are meant for use in schools.

The new requirements in Latin for admission to college have provoked afresh interest in sight reading. It may be well, therefore, to set down here the names of certain books that should be found helpful in this important work. These may all be known to our readers, yet, to employ in changed form wise words once written by Professor Greenough, it is most useful to be reminded in specific connections of what one knows in general quite well.

Brief, but good, is the Introduction to Professor Greenough's edition of Selections from Eutropius, first of a series of pamphlets for Sight Reading by Ginn and Co. Much better, however, is the Introduction to Professor Flagg's edition of Cornelius Nepos (Sanborn): this is the best treatment known to the writer. Professor Hale's two books, *Aims and Methods of Classical Study*, *The Art of Reading Latin*: How to teach it, should be in every teacher's possession. Selections of material for sight reading, aside from the books of Professors Greenough and Flagg, mentioned above, are: Post: Latin at Sight (Ginn and Co.); editions of Selections from Cicero's letters, by Kirtland (American Book Co.) and Edwards (Sanborn); Selections from Aulus Gellius, by Westcott (Allyn and Bacon), and Knapp (American Book Co.); Selections from the Letters of Pliny, by Platner (Sanborn); Livy, Book I, by Lord (Sanborn).

Most of the books here named have brief notes below the text. This indicates that to the authors 'Sight Reading' meant rapid reading by the pupil himself, alone, but the books are none the less useful for true Sight Reading, because they present suitable material in inexpensive form.

C. K.